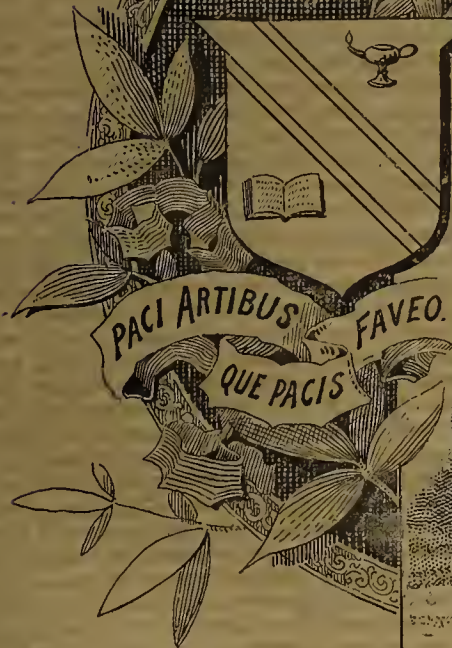


VOL. XI.

No 4.

THE ALBERT COLLEGE TIMES



BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Young Men should insure while premium rates are low and while their applications will be favorably received. There is no better policy for them than the Double Settlement Endowment Policy of

. . . The IMPERIAL LIFE Assurance Co. of Canada.

Capital, - - - \$1,000,000.00 Head office, - Toronto, Can.
Government Deposit, - \$250,000.00 Branch Office, - Belleville, Ont.

Being the Largest Deposit made by any Canadian Life Assurance Co.

H. F. KETCHESON, - General Agent.

DOWLING'S DRUG STORE



Students of Albert College will find Dowling's Drug Store (the nearest to the College), a first-class place to buy their Drugs, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, etc,

Goods Delivered to Any Part of the City.

Frank Dowling....

Pharmaceutical Chemist.

SCHUSTER

For Men's Fashionable

Hats and 

Neckwear.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, Queen's Park,
Toronto.

 In Federation with the University of Toronto.

A special examination under the authority of the Senate of the University of Toronto, in the month of June, admitting to second year status, is held at the college for the accommodation of the students of

ALBERT COLLEGE, Belleville.

The federated faculties afford a staff of forty-five Professors and Lecturers in Arts, Law and Theology. The two libraries open to our students number about sixty thousand volumes.

Lectures begin October 1st.

Board in convenient Christian homes at \$3.00 to \$4.00 per week.

N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,

Toronto, October 1st, 1898.

PRESIDENT.

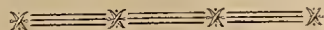
ALBERT COLLEGE

In Affiliation with VICTORIA UNIVERSITY
and UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

. . . . BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Grants Diplomas in 'BUSINESS SCHOOL,' 'ACADEMY OF MUSIC,' 'SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS,'
'SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION,' AND COLLEGIATE COURSES.

Large classes are prepared annually for Matriculation in Arts, Medicines, etc., for Teachers' Certificate,
and the Preliminary Examinations of the Methodist Church.



FOR ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT, ADDRESS:—

REV. W. P. DYER, M. A., B. Sc., D.D.,
Principal.

GEO. E. FAX,
TAILOR.

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

Foreign and Domestic Woollens

Every Requirement of a First-Class Trade
Constantly in Stock

Soliciting Your Valued Orders.

For Natty, Up-to-Date

Gents' Furnishings

GO TO

W. B. DEACON

The Students' Headquarters.
298 FRONT STREET.

One price only. Shirts our specialty
Near Bridge street.

Trinity - Medical - College.

Established 1850.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

In Affiliation with the University of Trinity College, the University
of Toronto, Queen's University, and the University of Manitoba. . .

—AND ESPECIALLY RECOGNIZED BY—

The Royal College of Surgeons of England, the Royal College of Physicians of London, the Royal College of
Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh, and the King and Queen's College of Physicians of
Ireland, and by the Conjoint Examining Boards of London and Edinburgh.

The Summer Session begins APRIL 21st, ends JUNE 30th; the Winter Session begins on OCTOBER
1st of each year, and lasts SIX MONTHS.

For Summer or Winter Session announcements, and all other information in regard to Lectures, Grad-
uation, Scholarships, Medals, etc., apply to

W. B. GEIKIE, M.D., C.M., D.C.L.,

HOLYROOD VILLA, 52 MAITLAND STREET, TORONTO.

Dean of the Medical Faculty

Toronto, October 1st, 1898.

The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company

H. SUTHERLAND,
MANAGER.

of North America.

HEAD OFFICE,
Globe Building, Toronto.

GEO. E. McCARTHY, General Agent for Hastings and Prince
Edward Counties.



All total Abstainers Insure with us.

Policies Issued with or without profits.

Local Agent, Albert College, W. H. SHACKEL.

NOW BOYS, REMEMBER !

When you are in need of a NICE SUIT or OVERCOAT give us a chance. Our goods are all ready-made, but they are up-to-date, and equal in every respect to best ordered work. Then we save you big money. It's worth considering.

OAK HALL, - (C. H. Vermilyea).

School and College Text Books.

High School Mathematical Series.		Primary Latin Book.	
<i>High School Algebra—Part I.</i>		By J. C. Robertson, B.A., and Adam Carruthers, B.A. \$ 1 00	
By W. J. Robertson, B.A., LL.B., and I. J. Birchard, M.A., Ph. D.	\$ 0 75	<i>Physiology and Temperance.</i>	
<i>High School Algebra—Part II.</i>		By William Nattress, M.D. 0 25	
By I. J. Birchard, M.A., Ph.D., and W. J. Robertson, B.A., LL.B.	1 50	<i>School Management.</i>	
<i>High School Trigonometry.</i>		By John Millar, B.A. ... 1 00	
By I. J. Birchard, M.A., Ph.D.	1 25	<i>Manual of Hygiene.</i>	
<i>Elementary Treatise on Arithme</i>	 0 50	
By Wilson Taylor, B.A.	0 50	<i>Outline Study of Man.</i>	
<i>The History of Canada.</i>		By Mark Hopkins, LL.D. 1 25	
By W. H. P. Clement, B.A., LL.B. With maps, portraits and illustrations.	0 50	<i>Perspective and Geometrical Drawing.</i>	
		By T. H. McGuirl. 0 40	
		<i>Scripture Reading.</i>	
		For Schools and Colleges. 0 75	

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, - 29-33 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

WE PAY POSTAGE.

SHIP YOUR

Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Poultry and Pork,
Apples, Potatoes and Grain to

CAMPBELL, DAVIDSON & CO.,

Buyers and Exporters. - - - 88 Front St. east, Toronto.

We pay Highest Market Prices. - - - Send for our Price List.

THE QUINTE LAUNDRY COMPANY

TELEPHONE 102. 

Calls at Room 16, Albert College, each week as follows :—

Monday, for work which is returned the next Thursday.

Tuesday, for work which is returned the next Friday.

Thursday and Friday, for work which is returned Saturday.

Work done to perfection.

No extra charge for delivering.

—WHEN YOU WANT A—

FIRST-CLASS PHOTO

—GO TO—

SMITH & CLARKE. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

DR. W. YOUKER.

Office, - Bridge St., Opp. Hotel Quinte.

HOURS, - 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p.m.

THOS. STEWART.

BELLEVILLE, - ONT.

SCRANTON
COAL



HARD and SOFT
WOOD

HEAD OFFICE, - BRIDGE ST., BELLEVILLE.

FOR BARBERING !

Try Students' Favorite,

PERCY PITNEY, - Proprietor.

Front St., 5 Doors North from Bridge St.

FOR YEARS AND YEARS

Old Albert's Students have associated our store with thoughts of everything that is good in the eating line. Two generations of College girls and boys have come and gone, and still we are here, catering to the wants of the inner man more successfully than ever. No college term is STRICTLY successful unless you have been invited to "A LUNCH AT DICKENS'" or feasted upon the contents of one of our boxes of Bon Bons.

ED. F. DICKENS.

NOTICE.




Livery and Hack Stables

PINNACLE ST., OPP. MARKET SQUARE.

TELEPHONE NO. 94.

H. W. CRONK,

Proprietor.

 Patronage of students solicited.

A. E. Wrightmyer,

Barber,

Hotel Quinte.

HOT AND COLD BATHS.

P. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D.,

(L. S. A., L. R. C. P. & M. R. C. P., LON.)

—AND—

P. G. GOLDSMITH, M. D.

BELLEVILLE, - ONT.

OFFICE :--Corner Campbell and Church Sts.,

Just Above Merchants Bank.

'PHONE 95.

JOSEPH CALDWELL

— DENTIST —

Gold Crowning and Bridge Work a Specialty.

Next door to the Anglo-American Hotel.

Dental Rooms—Caldwell Block.

Residence—Bridge Street.

W. B. RIGGS,

— FOR —

PIANOS and ORGANS,

—Or anything in the line of—

MUSIC OR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BRAZIER & CO.,

Hatters and Furriers.

ROBERTSON BLOCK, FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

Furs repaired in first-class style.

10 per cent. off to Students.

F. CHARLES CLARKE,

CHEMIST and DRUGGIST,

— DEALER IN —

Artists' Supplies, Lamps, & Fine Toilet Articles.

GO TO - - -

JAKIE FINKLE'S

For Pure Candy and

Fresh Roasted Peanuts.

LATEST STYLES OF BOOTS FOR EVERYBODY

Also RUBBERS of Best Quality on all lasts.

We guarantee our Prices the Lowest in the City on all Boots.

VERMILYEA AND SON.

S. J. WEDDIN, FLORIST

Wedding Bouquets and Funeral
Designs a Specialty.

Box 662.

Telephone No. 130 A.

STUDENTS, HO !

For a First-Class Hair Cut or Shave go to

LATTIMER

Hot and Cold Baths.

Front Street

**Isn't This
Reasonable ?**

Being the largest Shoe Dealers in this part of Canada, with four large Retail Stores and a Wholesale Department, we claim that we buy and Sell considerably Lower than Smaller dealers, or what is of equal importance give a better wearing Boot for the same money. Probably you have found this out.

Haines & Lockett,

Belleville, Trenton, Napance & Kingston.

THE ALBERT COLLEGE TIMES

NIL-SINE-MAGNO-VITA. LABORE DEDIT MORTALIBUS.

VOL. XI.

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY, 1899.

No. 4.

Albert College Times.

Published monthly during the College Year in the interests of the friends and students of Albert College.

TERMS: 50 CENTS PER YER.

BOARD OF MANAGEMENT, 1898-99.

J. H. Faull, B. A.,	- - -	Chairman
Oli. P. Helgason,	- - -	Editor-in-Chief
Jos. Frappy,	- - -	Associate Editor
Miss H. Galbraith,	- - -	Literary
Willis G. Hancock,	- - -	Missionary and Religious
A. W. Clarke,	- - -	Local and Athletic
Miss Kate Wilder,	- - -	Exchange
Miss Theresa Younge,	- - -	Personals
Miss Nina Buell,	- - -	Secretary
W. H. Shackel,	- - -	Business Manager

Address all business matter to Business Manager, ALBERT COLLEGE TIMES, Belleville, Ont.

If material intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

Direct all Exchanges to the ALBERT COLLEGE TIMES, Belleville, Ont

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL :—

Opening Remarks—The Goal in Education.

LITERARY :—

The Art of Writing—Notes,

MISSIONARY AND RELIGIOUS :—

The New Year—The Need of More Workers—Obstructions to Growth.

LOCAL AND ATHLETIC :—

Various Local Happenings in and About the College—Notes and Jokes.

PERSONALS.

EDITORIAL

Another year has rolled itself into the never-returning past, sealing its joys and sorrows, successes and failures, hopes and disappointments. The opportunities it presented for bettering ourselves and helping him whom we call "neighbor" are no longer ours. They too have followed in the trail of old '98 and are now beyond our reach.

Looking back we see that there was not always a cloudless horizon, with merry note of bird, and ringing laughter. At times the sky was overcast with clouds, enveloping us in their shadows. The "All-wise One," whose omniscience never errs, and whose goodness never is unkind, in His providence called one from our midst. We cannot always trace the hand of God, but we question not His love and wisdom—some time we'll understand.

But, although it has not been continuous sunshine, yet, on the whole, our College has had marked success. Under the able management of our honored principal and his efficient assistants on the staff, the year has been one of progress, not only educationally, but from our contact with one another have gone out influences which shall stand when hills and rocks have passed away and what we now call "Time" has merged into "Eternity."

Then bidding the "old" a fond and perhaps a sad adieu, we welcome the "new" by extending a hearty good-cheer to staff, students, readers

and friends who have so generously and nobly given their sympathy and support to our institution. We are glad to see all the members of the staff in their places again, refreshed by the vacation. Judging from the interest they take in the work, they will no doubt spare no efforts to make the coming year even more successful than the past one. The old students know we are glad to see their faces and hear their voices again. To the new ones we offer our hand in token of hearty welcome to our halls of learning, which, we are pleased to note, are this year thronged by a greater number than during any previous year: the number of resident students being about the same as usual and that of day students very large, making the largest enrolment hitherto on record.

Now that we have recovered from the holiday-season dissipation—party, turkey and plum pudding—and have exchanged greetings for the new year, we are ready for work. But, ere we bury ourselves in mathematical problems, or seclude ourselves with some classical author, might it not be well to consider the object that we, as students, have before us? We all, no doubt, have left our homes and repaired hither for the purpose of bettering ourselves educationally. But what do we mean by “an education”? Is a person who has taken honors in classics, mathematics, music, or any other of the many branches of study, necessarily educated? Would we not say that such a person was developed along certain lines? One of the world-renowned philosophers said that an individual was educated when all the powers of his or her body, mind and soul were so harmoniously developed as to produce the very best of which he or she was capable.

Then keeping before us the idea that true education means development which will bring out the very best of which we are capable, let us enter our year's work. If the past has not been encouraging, “let the past dead bury its dead.” If the future does not look enticing, let us not take too much thought for the

“morrow.” Let us think, act, do in the “living present,” and, steadily, rung by rung, climb the ladder of true education, never stopping till we stand triumphant “at the top.”

THE GOAL IN EDUCATION.

The end of education is wholly misconceived unless we consider it as aiming to bring the individual into right relations, at as many points as possible, with the world in which he lives, and to place him in as full possession as possible of the varied powers and capacities of his nature.

In the old system of education language was regarded as the supreme and all-sufficient instrument of mental development; and in the great public schools of England this idea seems to have enjoyed the very highest degree of prestige and authority. By language, in these establishments, the two classical languages, Greek and Latin, were meant; the English language receiving very scant attention, and English literature none. If any one was so far in advance of the times as to express a doubt whether the knowledge of Greek and Latin was the only preparation needed for life, he was pointed to the brilliant men who had come from the forms and play-grounds of Eton, Winchester or Harrow, and the discussion was considered closed. The fact is that the insufficiency of the system was masked to a great extent by the circumstance, that it was only applied to a class of men who had the opportunity of gaining also from other sources a more practical literary training. Pitt was educated by his father, the Earl of Chatham, and Peel by a great manufacturer who took a keen interest in politics. Robert Walpole, leaving the university at an early age, had the society of his father, a most practical minded country squire, whose original ambition had been to make him the greatest grazier in the kingdom. Many similar cases could be cited in which early introduction to good literature, favorable association and private study made up for the deficiencies of

scholastic training and reflected, or seemed to reflect, on that training a much greater credit than it deserved.

The old-fashioned classical education was systematic and orderly; it was rigid in its requirements, and afforded the means for unmasking looseness and inaccuracy of thought; and finally it called into constant activity the synthetic and analytical faculties. Its weakness lay in this, that it did not always reveal the real nature of things, but promoted a dangerous habit of "moving about in worlds long passed away."

Nowadays an attempt is made to mix a little scientific knowledge with education, sufficient to afford a training in observation and to open up to the student sources of interest of which he may increasingly avail himself in later years. These are advantages which, so far as they go, it is impossible to appreciate too highly.

It takes more, however, than the admixture of a little physical science in a school curriculum to make, in a proper sense, the education necessary for life. What is further required is a proper adjustment of the mind toward life, with its varied activities and its infinite possibilities of good and evil.

"Ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing where with we fly to heaven."

When we see men of fine literary gifts growing more cynical as they advance in years, and treating the world to stronger and stronger doses of pessimism in their writings, we are compelled to believe that their adjustment to life must have been wrong. When we see men of science who year by year appear to have less sympathy with their fellow creatures, and whose studies only develop on the educational side an ever-increasing passion for the infinitely minute and vastly unimportant, and, on the moral, a morbid sensitiveness to all kinds of searching questions, we find it difficult to think that they were properly directed at the start. It may not be given to every one to "see life steadily and see it whole," but it ought to be

possible for a well-trained mind to view it with an eye of calm, tolerant and sympathetic contemplation. No education is complete which leaves out such knowledge of the world, and of the relations which the individual sustains to it, as shall at least tend to give a right purpose and direction to the individual life. We conceive of a scientific education in the full sense as one which, while it imparts true ideas in regard to the physical history of the globe and the chemical elements which compose it, aims no less at unfolding the true constitution of society, the springs of human action, the strength and weakness of human character, the possibilities of good and evil that reside in every individual, the misery that waits on wrong-doing and the happiness that flows from just and pure deeds. There is a way, we are persuaded, of presenting the world of humanity to the minds of young people, which would tend to create in most—in the vast majority—a strong desire to take a helpful part in the work of their age and generation, and not to concentrate all their efforts on the business of self-advancement. It is merely the question of seeing the facts in a broadly human, which is after all the only true, light.

Let us have in education literature and analytical studies, and science with its grand constructions and sanctifying discipline, but let the true goal of education be kept ever in view, which is, not to enable this individual or that to shoot to a pre-eminence over his fellows, but to place the individual in right relations with his fellows, to give to each a career of useful activity, and to prevent that dreary disappointment with life and all its works which overtakes so many in their declining years. Life has its burdens, but it is not vanity; and the direct result of social intercourse and education of human beings should be to give to each separate existence a higher value and deeper sources of happiness.

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with a joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of men;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."

LITERARY.

"The new year stands at the open gate,
But the eyes of my soul are blind;
Oh, let me just for a moment wait,
For the old road lies behind."

The Art of Writing.

As nature with its luxuriant growth of blossom and foliage varies in tint and form, so differ the modes and expression and word-coloring which our writers employ. The poet, like the beautiful lily, fills the atmosphere with his sweetness and purity. The intellectual writer creates a desire for lofty and deeper research, while "the stylist" cultures a love for pleasing form and expression. Fiction, while relieving the mind of its cares, by wafting it away from the daily routine of life, gives it a light and enjoyable recreation.

"We call those poets who are first to mark
Through earth's dull mist the coming of the dawn—
Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale spark,
While others only note that day is gone."

It is said that no true poet can exist without the spirit being on fire, and without, as it were, an inspiration of passion. Cheerfulness must be one royal trait of his character—for beauty is his aim. He loves virtue, not for its obligation, but for its grace; he delights in the world, in man, in woman, for the lovely light that sparkles from them. Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds over the universe. The poet must be alike polished by an intercourse with the world as with the studies of taste; one to whom labor is negligence, refinement a science and art a nature.

"Give me a theme," a little poet cried,

"And I will do my part."

"'Tis not a theme you need," the world replied:

"You need a heart."

The popular poet, appreciated by the masses, is one who can deliver a droll or comic monologue well nigh to perfection. The use of rustic jargon, which is in one sense a hindrance, enables him to get nearer to "the people" than would be possible with refined literary expression. This style is effective, not because it is droll literature,

but there are direct strokes of simple, universal, human appeal in it. The pure and simple idyls, telling of experiences and aspirations, in language not admirable, but excruciatingly droll and amusing, might not be more immediately telling were they made within the magic circle of literary tradition: but it seems certain their effect would be far more lasting.

Happily, a poet's privilege is wide: he may roar with Homer or warble with Burns; the embroidered subtleties of Rossetti are not nearer to Milton's large work on one hand than to quaint illiteracy and clownish jocundity on the other. Villon, one of the world's most gifted poets, had a fancy for thief's slang and wrote some notable ballades en jargon which have puzzled and tantalized the academicians. Taste is a ticklish and tricky imp, not unlike Anacreon's Thracian filly in the disposition to browse unbridled. A distinguished scholar is said to have tumbled out of his chair in a limp state of hilarity, brought on by hearing a poem in peculiar dialect. When Pindar sang his wonderful odes the Greeks probably were not so powerfully affected. It is doubtful whether Shakespeare ever bowled a man over in that way.

But will a dialect live and seem to gather riches from time and seasons as Keat's poetry has done? It is not for criticism to make or mar the path by which genius bears its precious offspring to the cradle of immortality. Moreover, not all that genius gives birth to has the vitality to endure for a decade, much less forever. The best criterion is a century or two; but the ages have bequeathed to us the golden literary traditions and the untarnishable canons of art. These we may scorn and spurn only to feel deep within us a sense of inevitable loss and intolerable failure. The song that has truly lived has come down to us from far and near, borne upon its own deathless wings; and it has been the cry of highest aspiration, expressed in terms of the most refined art.

The intellectual writer does not study the form of his phrases as the thoughts embodied in them. His chief desire is to present his ideas with clearness, freshness and force. His style

is rather vital in thought, and never takes on airs on its own account.

"Business of letters is twofold, to find words for meaning, and to find meaning for words." The last half is only true of the stylist; the man who has nothing to say, which he says extremely well. His main effort is verbal, to find meaning for words, he does not wrestle with ideas, but with terms and phrases; his thoughts are word-begotten and are often as unsubstantial as spectres and shadows.

The stylist cultivates words as the florist cultivates flowers, and a new adjective or a new collocation of terms, is to him, what a new chrysanthemum is to his brother of the forcing-house. He is more a European product than an American. London and Paris abound in men cultivating the art of expression for its own sake, who study combining words to delight the verbal sense without much reference to the value of the idea expressed. Club and university life, excessive literary culture, a sort of hot-house literary atmosphere, foster this sort of thing.

French literature can probably show more stylists than English, but the later school of British writers is not far behind in the matter of studied expression. A good stylist can beg half a dozen questions in one epithet, or state the conclusion he would fain avoid, in terms that startle the senses into clamorous revolt.

Some writers, such as Macaulay, have elaborate styles, but in each the subject matter is paramount and the mind may rest upon something solid.

The essential imposed upon the writer is the necessity always at all costs to mean something, or to find meaning for words. The trouble arises when one has the words first. To invoke ideas with words is a much more difficult experience than the reverse process. Probably all true writers have something to say before they have the desire to express it, and proportionally as the thought is vital and real, is its expression easy.

Fictitious writings are almost more popular with the masses than the word-pictures of the

stylist. It is one of the curious phases of contemporary life and one of the diseases of our particular era. The growth of fiction can be traced from the earliest known records until the present day, from Homer, and the Italian romances down to Chaucer and thence through the Elizabethan period to Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. The Art of Fiction is equal in rank to the oldest of the arts.

If fiction were an epidemic it could not be more fashionable. We ought not to have pamphleteering and writing covert biography through the medium of fiction. It has nothing to do with fiction as an art, and the purpose of a novel shuo'd not be didactic. Great writers, do not appear in a day, and the momentary success of a book of the season may have no importance either as art, literature, or a presentation of life. Every popular song or play has some merit of a kind, and every popular book some inherent quality to recommend it.

Books of real power are not the mere incandescence of genius; works of art are not tossed off. Works of pure fancy and tales of fantastic imagination, have behind them a lifetime of knowledge. A man must know truth to write fable. Fiction can be learned but cannot be taught. The phrase, "schools of fiction," is based upon the fact that certain fictitious writers have seen fit to try to imitate great authors, or to adopt their views, methods and manners. Really great men have little time for promulgating theories: they get hold of a few principles, and by these they live. In the art of fiction the individual is thrown upon his own innate talent. Though saturated with the style of great men and their methods, unless he possesses that true temperament which schools cannot give, he cannot pass their style through the crucible of his mind and spirit, and produce a crystal of his own making in the end.

The work of genius is always baffling to the ordinary intelligence seeking to probe its secret. No worthy work of fiction may properly be labelled romantic, realistic, or symbolistic, since every great work of art contains all these in some proportion. The novelist with true instinct never stopped to think whether he would

write a book which was realistic or romantic. If human life and character be projected with the precise limits of a system, you get a cinematograph.

There is only one test for a novel: that it be first and before all a well-constructed story; that it deal sincerely with human life and character, and be eloquent of feeling; that it have insight and revelation; that it preserve idiosyncrasy; but above all that it be wholesome. To produce such a book, a sane, tolerant, impartial temperament, and a wide knowledge are necessary. When a man has real character—a real power and genius—his book is himself. That is, a book is a personality, although the author be hidden behind what he creates. His own courage of soul and manner of looking at things, his own intuitions, sensations, weaknesses, powers—these all go to inform his style.

There must be no misconception about great fiction being a transcript of life. Mere transcription is not the work of an artist, else we should have no need of painters, for photographers would do; no poems, for academic essays would do; no grand works of fiction, for we have our usual sources of information, as the stock exchange. All these certainly contain the facts of life which one must know for the constructive work of the imagination, but they are not life, though they are the transcription of life. The inwardness of facts makes fiction; the history of life, its emotions and passions. These you cannot photograph or transcribe. Selection and rejection are two profound essentials of every art.

The very nature of the novelist is to appeal to the imagination, to be eloquent; and by applying his vital and dramatic touch to the ugly and inferior, he lifts it from its actual place in the life of the community. Knowledge is the basis for all work of the imagination. Even magnificent absurdities, reading like truth, spring from a knowledge of the real.

A work of art must not be crowded with so-called local color, but certain facts must be known and used to give the effect of a true

relation. There must be in every book a dominant note. The artist must throw over his pictures the feeling of environment. The atmosphere, the feeling and idiosyncrasy—a word or a phrase which reveals character—are the only true local color. In the very first chapter the note must be struck which shall run throughout the book.

The inspiration of an idea is the only real inspiration in the book; an article may always be resolved into a phrase—the great suggestion of it, the soul of it.

All good books, paintings, statuary, buildings, no matter how painful the subject they commemorate, no matter how comic, how woven, planned, achieved, they must make—if they are to be permanent, and to influence mankind—they must make for beauty and peace. The art of fiction must have the beauty of order and discipline, temperament, imagination and mystery, which are greater than exact facts, which express the soul of things rather than the concrete image.

Thus, one must be in earnest. A man must hold his art seriously—himself as nothing—the machine, through which pass the strands of emotion, or experiences of passion, of human comedy and tragedy, woven into a web of life, which men seeing shall say, "Behold, this is the garment of truth; this is the mantle of beauty."

The man who rides a hobby wants the whole road to himself.

What a man gets in this world for nothing, he is very apt to value at what it cost him.

Flattery is like cologne water; to be smelled of, not swallowed.

Immense as is the value of the gold taken from the California mines since the discovery of the precious metal there, it could all be contained in a room 40 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 15 feet high.

Missionary and Religious.

We welcome thy beams, happy herald of morn,
For earth's jewelled tapestry thou wilt adorn.
The hill-tops afar and the mountains will gleam
When bathed in thy liquid, luxuriant sheen.
The old year has ceased, all its glory is past,
Like flowers of the summer when nipped by the blast.
His sceptre has fallen, his tyranny o'er,
His pennons are waved in the breezes no more.

Now hail to the victor, the happy new year,
May homes of our nation be flooded with cheer.
The brightness of heaven beam forth from above,
And man greet his brother with brotherly love.
May envy and strife flee away from our land,
And jealousy ne'er sear the soul with her brand,
The roar of the cannon no more wake the glen,
Where now sound the praises of God-fearing men.

Then, brother, awake, arise from thy sleep,
Why stand ye here idle, why now wilt thou weep?
Come, weary and wounded, forget what is past,
The summer is fleeting and doom comes at last;
Go live in the future, the harvest is white,
Go garner the sheaves from the dawning till night,
Then chains ne'er can fetter thy soul to the tomb,
But angels will pilot thy steps through the gloom.

The Need of More Workers.

(By Rev. W. P. Knight, Hunan Province, China.)

THE need of China, numerically, is one of the most striking facts that comes before us. Four hundred millions in that great land, with all their hopes and joys, fears and woes, life and death—all that goes through human hearts here goes through them there. A missionary who had labored there for some years has said that he has never been out of sight of a living Chinaman or a dead Chinaman's grave. Now I recall a journey that God has privileged me to take in China. I walked one hundred and twenty miles in one week, from Monday morning till Saturday afternoon, and I never was out of sight of a Chinese village. In the whole one hundred and twenty miles there was not one Christian, nor one witness for Jesus Christ. God only knows when there will be a chance for those people to hear the name of His Son. Look at the province of Kiang-su, the province in which Shanghai is situated, with its population of 20,000,000. You have not got to take a journey of three or four months to get to your station there. It is easily accessible.

In that one province there are forty great walled cities to-day without one missionary of the gospel. In Hunan you travel day after day in mule carts, you pass city after city and town after town, and meet no missionary. In that province before the rebellion there were 30,000,000 people. There are now 15,000,000. Call it 9,000,000 only, and let it be divided into eight districts of over 1,000,000 each. My colleague and I are the only missionaries in one of these districts. So you see from the standpoint of numbers the need is tremendous.

Second, the physical need. There is one foreign doctor to every 2,000,000 of the Chinese. Their own doctors are barbarous and ignorant. The Chinese take out teeth with a hammer and nail. Think of the very prevalent skin disease and eye troubles that simple remedies would cure! The suffering is incalculable.

Last of all, but most important, let me remind you of the spiritual need of these poor people. Here are men and women with hearts like our own, and in those hearts there is an unutterable longing for something they have not and you have. Oh, there is disease and you have the medicine; there is a thirst and you have the living water; there is a hunger and you have the bread of life! I can see an old Chinese woman now—the dear old soul is about seventy-five years of age. She is near the grave and still unsaved. She lisps the name of Buddha thousands of times every day as she counts over the beads in her hands. She is a type of multitudes. They have their plans for getting salvation; they will buy birds and release them, or buy fish and put them back in the water, or they will hire a man to pick up all the bits of written paper in the streets; one old woman had not eaten an egg or a piece of meat for twenty years—she believed in the transmigration of souls. She heard the Gospel and was in a dilemma. She said: "If I take Christ He will reject me for having served idols for twenty years." Yet she dared not

ching to the idols longer. She sat down with the missionaries and ate meat and gravy. She flung herself into the arms of Jesus.

What do all these things mean? The Chinese are looking for light. We are reminded that China is going to be opened. What does this mean? A flood of engineers, mechanics, electricians and surveyors will go into the country. Are we in the Church of Christ going to be second to them? Will we not take Jesus Christ and go at the head of the ranks?

Civilization will not save the country. The supreme need of China is Christ. It is not our western politics. We need men who are filled with the Holy Spirit to tell them of Christ who died to save them. As we think of those who are going into the country for commercial ends let us look out for the spiritual needs. The country is open. I have travelled 3,000 miles through it and was called a "foreign devil" only once. May God help us to rise and go in His name to save them.

Obstructions to Growth.

We are told in the book of Job that "the righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." This is a clear statement of the truth that purity removes the obstructions to spiritual growth and strength. When the heart is purified from evil tempers, the lips from evil words, and the hands from evil deeds, then the whole being is prepared for the most rapid and steady advancement in wisdom, love and power, that our probationary state admits of.

There is no mistake more common among Christians than as to what are the real hindrances to growth. Most of God's people are perpetually locating their spiritual hindrances outside of themselves. If a mysterious, yet mighty voice, should pierce the heart of every Christian on earth and propound the question, "Why are you not cheerful and peaceful and content in spirit? Why are you not gentle and sweet and victorious in a daily fellowship with

your heavenly Father?" not one in ten thousand but would begin instantly to lay the blame on somebody, or something, or some circumstance outside of their own hearts. It is so hard to believe, and so mortifying to be convinced, that all our spiritual obstructions lie within our own natures: yet such is emphatically true. The word of God everywhere locates all barriers to growth and all antagonism to growth within the heart. It is true that we may and do have many sore trials, temptations and opposing elements without us, yet these things are not in themselves hindrances to growth in holiness; nay, if the soul is really purified, all these things will only advance our spiritual character. If we are free from all sin and in precious union with Jesus, then it is impossible for any circumstance whatever to prevent us from increasing in the knowledge and love of God, and the love of our neighbor. A hot-spring pours forth hot water from its own internal conditions, and all the external ice and frost in the world cannot prevent the outstreaming of a warm current. In like manner a holy soul grows and flourishes by its internal conditions. There may be ice and frost and gloom and confusion and enemies and painful incidents without, but if the soul walks with Christ, its devotion will be deepened and brightened by what seems to be a religious drawback. Mr. Wesley found that ill-usage, crosses, disappointments, etc., were the best agencies to growth in humanity, patience and love. The history of piety will show that thousands who have seemed to suffer most directly from the hand of God, have been the very ones that loved God with a surpassing flame of devotion; and those saints who have been called to endure the greatest obloquy, treachery and persecution for their fellow-beings, are the very ones that have exhibited the most amazing forbearance, charity and zeal in blessing their fellow-creatures. This proves that when the inner heart conditions are all pure and right, nothing can hinder the growth in true holiness and happiness. If a child does

not grow, the fault does not lie in sunshine, air and food, but the child is diseased and not able to incorporate heavy food into its system. And how many of us are so diseased in our moral beings with inbred sin, that we can neither eat nor assimilate the strong, healthy holiness meat that God offers us; so that the obstruction to Pentecostal vigor and zeal does not lie in the food or outer providence of God, but in soul-illness.

Let the soil have no stones, thorns, or other obstructions to grain in itself, let it be a rich, pure soil, and then the very hot sun that would otherwise scorch, will give to vegetation a deeper green, and the very winds that would otherwise blast, will only give the roots a stronger hold. Thus it is with the soul-soil of the believer. God can never make things work for our good except on the conditions of heart holiness, and when those are fully met, then nothing can ever occur in the universe that will not be for our good and advancement.

Every disappointment will cause us to lean harder on the unwavering arm; every conflict with temptation will make us hate sin more deeply; every unkind blow from our fellow-men will render us more lowly and intent on doing the world good; every criticism of our spirit or conduct will drive us to scrutinize our inner being before God, to see if we are indeed washed in the blood of the Lamb. If we are holy all things are ours.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." It is a verse of climbing power. It begins with man, it ends with God; it begins with earth, it ends with heaven; it begins with a struggle, it ends with a crown.

Not, blessed is the man who is never tempted. That would mean to be out of the world. The Lord wants us to be in the world, though not of it. Ignorance is not strength. Innocence is not virtue.

Not, blessed is the man who seeks temptation.

"Lead us not into temptation." Unnecessary risk is foolhardiness, not courage. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Enough tempting will come without our seeking it.

Not, cursed is the man who is tempted. Temptation cannot make us sinful. Our consent alone can. A note does not bind us until we endorse it. It is not feeling the temptation, but yielding that is sinful.

Blessed is the man that endureth—stands up under it, resists, conquers. "Blessed," for it means new wisdom, new strength, new joy—the crown of life.

God's call may come in varied ways. He does not always send an angel or give a vision when He calls us to service. The good Samaritan heard God's call in the need of the man fallen among thieves on the Jericho road. Need and distress have voices of God to summon His servants to sympathy and succor. Opportunity is God's open door set before His servants. God calls through servants others whom He would have serve Him. God's call comes through His word. An open bible is often the clearest call when the Holy Ghost brings its truth to the heart.

What Can I Do?

"O what can I do in the year that is new?
I've made resolutions as always I do,
But seconds and minutes and hours, alas!
So quickly they come and so quickly they pass,
Before I am ready the happy new year
Has vanished, and presto! another is here.

"I'll tell you, dear student, if each minute you choose
The right thing to do, the wrong to refuse,
Then the hours and days will in melody chime,
For minutes make up the long measure of time.

"Do you say they are small? So is one flake of snow
But rapidly falling the big drifts will grow,
And however high the white barriers rise,
They're only small snowflakes that fall from the
skies.

"Then care for the minutes. Let each bear away
A record so bright, that the close of each day
Shall see some good action, some kind word or deed
From your loving heart for the many who need.
Thus living, and loving, and giving good cheer,
You'll have a long, blessed, and happy New Year.

LOCAL AND ATHLETIC.

CLOSING ENTERTAINMENT.

The College term closed on Dec. 16. In the evening a closing entertainment was given in the College Chapel, at which an excellent programme was rendered, consisting of:

- Piano Solo "Au Rouet"..... Godard
Miss Vera Riggs.
Song "The Vagabond"..... Molloy
Mr. W. A. Allan Chown.
Recitation "A Diamond in the Rough".... ———
Miss L. Berry.
Quartette..... La'Dause..... Wiegand
Messrs. Anglin, DeLong, Doobette and Slack
Piano Solo.... "The Witches' Dance".... McDowell
Miss Jessie Elliot.
Song..... "Happy Days"..... Strelezski
Miss Hollinrake.
Selection..... "Traumerei"..... Schumann
The Mandolin and Guitar Club.
Song..... "Thy True Heart"..... Vogrich
Mr. Erwin Gordon.
Violin Solo..... "Confession"..... Thorne
Miss Sidna Browne.
Reading "William Tell" ———
Warren G. Rothwell.
Song. "Going to Market"..... Diehl
Miss Foster.
Piano Duet "Spanish Dance"..... Moskowski
Misses Johnstone and Young.

After the entertainment the students met in the reception room. Here farewells—we will not say how tender—were exchanged. At a late hour the social was broken up, and the students departed on the following morning for their respective homes to spend their holidays.

ALBERT COLLEGE MISSION BAND.

The Mission Band of Albert College held its regular monthly meeting in the College chapel, on Dec. 11. An interesting programme on the subject, "China," was given.

Miss Vallean read an instructive essay on "The Women of China."

Miss Helen Dyer sang a solo very sweetly.

Miss Wilder gave a reading entitled, "The Voice of Thy Brother's Blood."

After a duet, "Why Stand Ye Here Idle?" by Misses Howard and Robinson, and a geography

lesson on China, by Miss Burkett, the meeting was brought to a close.

Another meeting of the Mission Band was held on Jan. 8. The subject for discussion was, "What Girls Can Do." Dealing with this subject the following interesting programme was then rendered:

1. Missionary Switches. Miss Robinson
2. Solo..... Miss Helen Dyer
3. Mary Reid..... Miss Hollinrake
4. Duet—"Come Thon Fount"... Misses Howard
[and Johnstone]
5. The Measuring Rod..... Miss Hudgins

PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY.

This society is in a very prosperous condition. A large number of the new students have joined and are beginning to take part in the debates which are held every Friday night.

The last session of the mock parliament witnessed one of the best debates ever given in the Philomathian society.

At a special meeting of the society, on Jan. 10, Mr. W. Morgan was appointed associate editor of the Albert College Times, to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Mr. Frappy.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."

L-yc-k (reading from the Globe)—*Goalkeeper*
Loudon of the Wellingtons is a perfect marvel.
H-r-s—Is that his first name?

President H-nc-k—If there are no other denominations I will declare Mr. M—— elected.

Some one inquired of B-nn-tt what he was looking for as he stood intently watching some men breaking stone on the road.

"I'm looking for some of those sermons they say you find in stones."

"The Baron" has a new way of coming down stairs.

Chocolates from the Christmas tree have a peculiar flavor. So say the young ladies.

Freshman (looking at newspaper)—Curling? That's a new game, isn't it?

T-y—Why, no! Some of the girls have been at that here for the last thirty years.

H-ns says he wasn't frozen out.

Why is T-n-e like a person going to France? He is going to Havre (have her).

Students (in Mr. B-n's room)—They say you are quite a singer. Could'nt you sing us something?

B-wn—I used to sing in the choir at home, but I don't know what to sing now.

Student—Sing "On the Banks of the Wabash."

B-wn—Say, boys, I never heard that piece. Something new, isn't it?

L-yc-k—I'll bet you can't say "What am I doing?" "What am I doing?" without saying Dewey.

M-k-ll—What am I doing? What am I doing?

L-yc-k—You're making a blamed fool of yourself.

Moment got back at the last moment.

Prof. (in the grammar class)—How do you parse "Mary milked the cow?"

T-my—Cow is a noun, feminine gender, singular number, third person and stands for Mary.

Prof.—Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?

T-my—Because if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could Mary milk her?

J-n—Why does B-t call his opposite honey?

B-w-e—Because she is bee-loved, I suppose.

Prof. D. (selling postal cards)—You might better buy two-cent stamps; it is almost as cheap.

D-l-g—Well, I only care a cent for her.

Where is my cent?

G-b-on (describing some college peculiarities

when home Christmas)—One funny thing is that you always get your surname at college.

H's mother—Is that so?

G-b-on—Oh, of course, some of my bossom friends call me Herb.

His mother—Are any of those bosom friends ladies?

1st Student—Do you like this room better than the one you had last term?

K-p—Oh yes, the view is lovely here. Things look *Green* all the year round.

If a man's teeth were knocked out with an axe, would he have an accidental resemblance to another toothless man?

Pritchard is in hopes that one of the questions on the theology exam this year will be on the "Fall of Man," as he is well up in that subject.

A case when you are to believe more than you are told: When Miss——tells you her age.

P. S.—I received the roses you sent me and they are too lovely for anything.

In the early autumn of eighteen ninety-eight
There came to Albert College a boy, grave and
sedate,

A youth of steady habits, so quiet and so staid;
Was our brave hero, Christopher Antonious
Langmaid.

His cheeks they were of pink and white, the envy of
the girls,
And his head was graced profusely with rambling
chestnut curls.

A notion this good Christopher had taken in his
head

To get to be a preacher, and break the living bread
To poor, down-trodden sinners, deep-dyed in sins of
red.

So he came to this, our college; and if faithful work
will tell,

Then brave Christopher will get there for he studies
long and well,

And very rarely leaves his room unless it is to wait
On some poor sick companion, and he stays early
and late

And ministers to all his wants till the pain it doth
abate.

All the boys are "friends" to Christopher and per-
haps tho' no one hears,

Away down deep within his heart, he calls the girls
his "dears."

I am sure we wish you, Christopher Antonious
Langmaid,

God speed. May all your labors be abundantly
repaid.

SONNET.

From the Township of Ameliasburg, lying just
across the bay.
There comes Wellington Howell, of whom we have to
say:
In his eyes there is a twinkle, on his face there is a
smile
Which is shown to great advantage underneath a
soft black tile.
He boasts of more conquests than the Duke whose
name he bears—
In saying this we think, perhaps, "he says more
than his prayers."
But he has met his Waterloo, unlike the honored
hero.
For he will cross that Quinte Bay with weather
down to zero.
Of course, he says he goes to meet his loved ones
left at home,
But, reader, do you really think he does no further
roam?
At table in the dining hall he many jokes does tell
The comment of his opposite: "He does relate
them Well."
We could reveal more facts to you about this jolly
lad
But in conclusion we will say that "Well" is not too
bad.

Philibus Jeremaneus Bott is now boarding
at Albert College. This unpretentious youth
who hails from near Owen Sound is allowing
the pigs, calves and chickens to care for them-
selves while he enjoys himself here.

Mr. Bott begs to state that he is at home at
room (49) from 11 p.m. to 8 a.m. The rest of
the time he visits, attends concerts, etc. The
members of the top flat are often at a midnight
hour made painfully aware of this worthy's
presence by his coo boss, coo boss! Gee back!
Isn't she lovely! Sit closer! and like con-
glomerations of melodious expressions, produc-
tions of his imaginative mind in dreamland.
Bott is funny, so all the girls say. As a me-
mento to be retained by the college and city in
general Mr. Bott has allowed Smith & Clarke to
snap him. It might be well to state that Bott
has joined the College Hill Society.

Hello, Freshie! Who next? A prodigy from
the sleepy little shanty town of Sturgeon Falls.
This overgrown specimen of humanity bears the
appropriate name of Jay Dee Cockburn. He
comes to us apparently as a guest.

This Jay is a graduate of both Orillia and
Pembroke collegiates and to take off his Part I.
matric. has now selected Albert. Not having

been accustomed to waking himself in the morn-
ing it has on various occasions been the duty of
some particular member of the faculty to see
that this *would-be* swell is down for prayers.
Cockburn's ambition is to become an electrical
engineer and we wish him every success in his
efforts. In conclusion we may say that we con-
sider him in every way equal to the average
fre hman.

The subject of this sketch is Cleisthenes
Solon Manchester, a daring youth who comes
hither from our fair capital. His highest
aspiration at present is to become an electrical
engineer. If he applies himself as diligently as
he has been doing since he came to Albert he
will undoubtedly excel. He makes frequent
trips to the "village" and while within the
walls of the institution his chief amusements
are fortune-telling and letter writing. This last
feature excites the curiosity of all when the
mail bag is opened and we are lead to believe
that "Sadie" is his chief correspondent. This
young freshie has the malady common to
freshies, of oversleeping himself, and moreover of
being extremely noisy when he does arise.
Longer hours of work would lessen useless
clatter.

PERSONALS.

Rev. W. P. Rogers, a former student, visited
us last month.

Miss Taylor, of this city, called on Miss
Winter last week.

Mrs. (Rev.) Wilmot, of Wallbridge, called on
Miss Hollinrake recently.

Rev. F. L. and Mrs. Brown, of Elmvale, spent
the Christmas vacation in town.

Misses Mutton and Little spent a couple of
days with us at our Christmas closing.

Albert welcomes to its halls the fourth re-
presentative of the sons of Mr. D. Manchester,
of Ottawa.

The Times offers tenderest sympathy to Miss

Maggie Callander, of Kemptville, because of the death of her mother.

Jonathan G. Osborne, a former student here, is teaching in the commercial department of Evansville high school, Indiana.

Drs. Lennox and McKibbin, students of '90-'92, have sought Uncle Sam's dominion to practise the healing art. Success to them both.

We feel a pardonable pride in an old Albert student again securing the prize at Victoria for pulpit oratory. Our congratulations to Mr. McIrvine.

We were sorry to learn that A. J. Freleigh spent the Christmas vacation in quarantine, because of an attack of diphtheria. We hope he is now convalescent.

Misses Ethel Brown and Lydia Osborne were successful in their examinations at Picton Model School, and have secured positions at Davis' and Bloomfield schools.

Principal Dyer's venerable father is visiting at the College, and sets an example of early rising and promptitude which we younger inmates of the College may well follow.

Messrs. Folsom and Armstrong are at Northwestern University, the former pursuing a post-graduate course in philosophy, and the latter taking the theological course.

J. Frappy entered the Ontario Normal College at the beginning of the winter session. His years of successful teaching will no doubt carry him with flying colors through that institution.

The College joins with the whole town in regretting the sudden death of Dr. Youker from appendicitis, on Jan. 13. Dr. Youker was always a warm friend of students, and had a large share of the medical practice in the institution. In his early days he had been a student at Albert.

The teachers and students of the College feel most keenly the death of one of the students, Mr. Noble Puffer, by pneumonia, on Friday

morning, January 20, at the College. He entered the institution in September last and was prosecuting his studies, in preparation for a public school teacher, until prostrated by la grippe. He was a faithful student and an earnest Christian. His home was at Minden, and his body was taken there on the Saturday morning train. His sister reached the College too late to see him alive, and was sorrow-stricken, but kept up bravely. We extend to the parents and to the other members of the family our deepest sympathy in their sore trial.

In last month's issue of The Times, condolence was offered Mr. Beatty on account of the death of his father. The following is a clipping from The Guardian: "William Beatty was born in Ireland in 1835, and came with his parents to Canada the same year. He was educated at Victoria University, where he took the degree B.A. in 1859, and afterwards M.A. and LL.B. When in 1863 Mr. Beatty first settled in Parry Sound, there were only a few log shanties. He speedily set about to improve the place and became its father, its founder, its law-giver, and religious teacher. He was a consistent total abstainer, and it is through his influence that liquor has never been legally sold in the township, or in the major part of the town. Mr. Beatty was a staunch Methodist, and has been a member of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada since the first union. By his death, on Dec. 2, a great gap is left, not only in Parry Sound, but elsewhere throughout the province. The funeral was somewhat of a public one, all places of business were closed, and flags half-masted. The services were held in the Methodist Church, the pastors of the different churches of the town being present. They all spoke in eloquent words of the greatness, goodness, and childlike simplicity of him, whose soul had gone to be with its God. He leaves behind a wife and four daughters and one son to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father." The Times offers sympathy.

EXCHANGE.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NINETY-NINE.

Before our feet, untrodden lies

Another year;

And in our hearts grave thoughts arise
Imbued with fear.

We know not what for us it holds

In coming days;

If we shall walk through dreary worlds
Or pleasant ways;

If we shall waken to dismay

Or glad surprise;

If o'er us shall be gloom or gray,
Or azure skies;

But, hark! across the unknown way

No foot hath trod—

Comes to the fainting soul to-day
The voice of God!

And now into the opening year

We bravely tread—

Our wandering feet shall know no fear,
Divinely led.

—The Canadian Mute.

In McMaster we notice an interesting article on the "Migration of Birds." Who has failed to notice the sudden appearance of the feathered songsters in our midst? To-day we may look and listen for them in vain, but to-morrow as the sun begins to tint the eastern horizon we are greeted by the tender warble of the blue-bird, and the loud, clear notes of the robin. Ornithologists have noticed that many species, and perhaps birds in general, from year to year, return to the same locality, if not the same spot. What strange and mighty impulse is this which fills the breast of such countless multitudes, and carries them on to such great distances? This great tidal wave of feathered life which sweeps over our land, has long been a subject of interest to poet and philosopher. It would appear that this, like so many other regular habits in animal nature, must be caused by the laws of instinct, guided by Infinite Intelligence. Here is a mystery which science thus far can only enhance. In that mystery who does not exclaim:

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

The Anchor this month contains an excellent

essay on "Character Building," by Rev. J. M. Fulton, D.D. He says that character is property. A noble character is the best of all possessions. "Who steals my purse steals trash," said Shakespeare, "but he that filches from me my good name, robs me of that which naught enriches him, and makes me poor indeed." He who acquires a noble character as his possession, holds the title deed, in fee simple, to the respect and good will of every man and woman that knows him. The material which should be built into character are self-respect, self-denial, self-control, integrity, industry and religion.

WHY IS A BOY LIKE A BICYCLE?

An exchange gives these excellent reasons:

Because he needs a steady hand to direct his way.

Because he runs the easiest down hills.

Because if you lose control of him he may break your heart, if not your head.

Because he is not made to travel on bad roads.

Because the straighter you keep him the more safely he runs.

Because the faster he runs the more closely must his guide stick to him.

Because he needs blowing up once in a while.

Because he should never be run by more than two cranks.

SOULS ARE HOUSES.

Spirit, how is it with those rooms of thine?

What front the world look very clear and fair

Thy curtains are so white, thy windows shine;

Are dirt and cobwebs hanging anywhere?

Ah! souls are houses: and to keep them well,

Nor spring and autumn, morn their wretched plight,

To daily toil must vigilance compel,

Right underneath God's scrutinizing light.

Four things a man must learn to do,

If he would make his record true:

To think without confusion clearly,

To love his fellow-man sincerely,

To act from honest motives purely,

To trust in God and heaven securely.

—Ex.

The Indian Idea of the Midmost Self.

In attempting to explain the significance of a pentagonal stone dodecahedron with vestiges of figures on it found near Marietta, Ohio, Dr. J. C. Morris assumes that, besides the Aryan idea of three dimensions of space, there is, to the Indian and to the Eastern mind, another—the fullness. "It is not the length and breadth and thickness of a cube, for instance, but the whole of it, which is as much to be considered as any one of its sides. A cube would therefore be represented numerically by seven, a dodecahedron by thirteen. Among the Mexicans the thirteen lunar months would thus correspond in the year with the twelve zodiacal signs and the earth which passed under and embraced them all." Again, the five digits came to be a measure of man's power or individuality, and thus a sacred number. A pentagonal dodecahedron, then, might be the emblem of the world; and the best time to be active in some contemplated pursuit might be shown by the zodiacal sign that came uppermost when the dodecahedron was thrown or rolled with appropriate ceremony. As Mr. Frank H. Cushing interpreted the doctrine at the same meeting of the Anthropological society, when the primitive man contemplates or considers himself or anything in its relation to space or the surrounding directions, "he notices that there is ever a front or face, or rear or back; two sides, or a right and a left; a head and a foot, or an above and a below; and that of and within all of these is himself or it; that the essence of all these aspects in anything is the thing itself—that is, the thing that contains their numbers or sum, yet is one by itself. This is indeed the very key to his conception of himself and of anything in relation to space and the universe and cosmos. He observes that there are as many regions in the world as there are aspects of himself or sides to any equally separate thing; that there are as many directions from him or his place in the world (which is his 'midmost' or place of attachment to the

earth-mother), or from anything in the world (which is its midmost or natural station), toward these corresponding regions. Hence to him a plane would be symbolized not by four, but by five—its four sides and directions thence, and its central self—was actually the notion of the prairie tribes; a cube, not by six, but by seven, as was the notion of the valley Pueblos and Navajos; a dodecahedron, not by twelve, but by thirteen, as was the notion of the Zunis, the Aztecs, and apparently—from this example—of the mound builder as well."

Luna Mystica.

Scientific investigators in meteorology have again and again declared they have not been able to discover by accurate and long-continued observation that the moon has any effect whatever upon terrestrial weather; yet the farmers have, for unreckoned years, undoubtedly ascribed certain kinds of weather—changes especially—to the moon; and, despite the dictum of the scientists, they have persisted in their confidence in the pale orb as a weather-breeder, and as a disposer, in a large degree, of the wet and dry features of the months.

Now comes Mr. H. H. Clayton, meteorologist at the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, and shows by diagram and dates that the electrical condition of the atmosphere varies in close accord with the position of the moon in her orbit.

That electricity performs various offices in the atmosphere, notably among the particles of vapor, is well known; but just how and to what extent atmospheric phenomena result from electrical action has not yet been clearly demonstrated. However, we have now a scientific basis for the assumption that the moon has an influence on the weather.

The Queen of England owns a dress manufactured entirely of spiders' webs. It was a present from the late Empress of Brazil, who had it specially prepared in her palace by twenty native silk-workers.

F. E. O'FLYNN.

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, Etc.
 TURNBULL BLOCK,
 FRONT STREET, - - - BELLEVILLE
 TELEPHONE 197. - - - P. O. BOX 682.

ALBERT DRUG STORE

(OPPOSITE VICTORIA AVENUE.)

The place for Albert students to buy their
 Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles
 Artists' Materials, Etc.

ALBERT L. GEEN.

Studentr Patronize

JOHN BRINTNELL

For a First Class Hair Cut or Shave.
 BICYCLE - LIVERY - IN - CONNECTION.
 Front Street, - Opp. No. 2 Fire Hall.

TELEPHONE 207.....



For a First-Class Livery Rig
 — GO TO —

McCoy's - Livery

Opposite City Hall, Front Street, Belleville.

CALL ON.....

**THOS. WALTERS,
MERCHANT TAILOR**

For your next suit. He keeps on hand a large assortment of Imported and Canadian goods at prices to suit the times. Fit guaranteed. Established 1857.

Arthur McGie, - Merchant Tailor

The finest assortment of merchant tailoring stock in the city.

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.
 10 per cent. off regular price to students.

ARTHUR M'GIE, - 300 FRONT ST

How is Your Eyesight ?

If troublesome in any way call on **ALEX. RAY**, who tests the most modern appliances free of charge, and gives glasses only *when required*, and guarantees satisfaction.

The Students....

Who wish to study their own interest as well as their room mate will order their "NICK-NACKS" from the **CITY STEAM BAKERY**, where every attention is given to delivering their purchases, no matter how small,

CAKES, CANDY, FRUIT, OYSTERS, Etc.

Jas. Wallace & Co.**Photo Enamelling...**

The Latest Out.

Your photo enamelled on your watch case, or on china; this work is guaranteed not to wear off. Call and see samples.

Also remember we still carry a reliable line of Clocks, Watches, Rings, Guards, Pins, Chains, etc.

All repairing done promptly.

J. O. R. McCURDY, 444 Front St., one door south McCormack's Photo. Gallery.

NEW DENTAL PARLORS.**M. J. CLARKE, L.D.S., D.D.S.,**

Has opened his office in the Nathan Jones block.

Latest improved methods of dentistry.
 Special attention to care of the teeth, Filling and Crown work.

At DYER & CLARKE'S**- FAIR -**

SCRIBBLERS,

EXERCISE BOOKS,

LEAD PENCILS,

ENVELOPES,

POST CARDS.

Candies and Gum a Specialty.

DYER & CLARKE,

College Hill.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST To

College Students



For Men

We carry a very large assortment of every kind of MEN'S FURNISHINGS, such as English Linen Collars, Cuffs and Dress Shirts.

The latest styles in London and New York NECKWEAR.

All qualities in MEN'S UNDERWEAR, Braces, Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas and all the things wanted in men's wearing apparel.

Clothing to Order

We carry a large range of Imported and Canadian CLOTHS and TWEEDS, and make Clothing to order at very moderate prices, under the management of Mr. J. H. Mills, so long and favorably known in Belleville and vicinity.

We guarantee the fit and finish of all our work to be first-class in every particular.

For Ladies

Splendid values in GLOVES, the very best make.

HOSIERY, all kinds and qualities.

UNDERWEAR of every description and every size.

MILLINERY to suit the taste or fancy of all.


A choice stock of Ladies' and Misses' COATS and CAPES, ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$30.00 in black and all fashionable colors, veiling, laces, and Ladies' Lingerie of all kinds.

Dresses

A very select stock of fashionable Dress Materials to make choice from in an endless variety of Styles and Prices. No trouble to show these whether you make purchases or not.

Dressmaking under the supervision of Mrs. McLean done on the premises at very moderate charges.

All Goods Marked at Lowest Cash Prices.



Geo. Ritchie & Co.,

BELLEVILLE, - - - - - ONT.

Success To ALBERT COLLEGE !

Merit Wins,

Hence we endeavor to win a share of the patronage of Albert College Students and friends by offering only such goods as by their merit will win esteem for quality and price. Our latest addition is

ALBERT COLLEGE SOUVENIRS

—COMPRISING—

Cups and Saucers, Plates, Mugs, Jugs, Etc.

No better Christmas present than one of the above.

TRY OUR PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN.

. . . . R. TEMPLETON & CO.



The Wall Paper King of Canada.

IF YOU THINK of PAPERING

A Residence, Church, Office, Lodge Room,
Public Hotel or Store, write a postal to

C. B. SCANTLEBURY,
Belleville, Ont.

Mention the rooms you think of papering,
about the price you want to pay, and where
you saw this "ad."

You will get by return mail large sample
books of choice Wall Paper at the lowest prices
known to Canadian trade, and our booklet
"How to Paper."

We pay express charges on all orders and
guarantee satisfaction or your money back.

References, Canadian and Dominion Ex-
press Cos.

USE ::::

Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain . .
Pen . . .

Prices :	{	\$2.50.
		3.50.
		4.00.
		5.00.

Mailed to any address at these prices.

C. B. Scantlebury, Stationery,
College
Supplies.